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*To be continued every* THURSDAY.

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I OUGHT hourly to be looking up with gratitude and praiſe to the CREATOR of my being, for having formed me of a diſpoſition that throws off every particle of ſpleen, and either directs my attention to objects of cheerfulneſs and joy, or enables me to look upon their contraries as I do on ſhades in a picture, which add force to the lights, and beauty to the whole. With this happineſs of conſtitution, I can behold the luxury of the times, as giving food and cloathing to the hungry and the naked, extending our commerce, and promoting and encouraging the liberal arts. I can look upon the horrors of war, as productive of the bleſſings and enjoyments of peace; and upon the miſeries

miſeries of mankind, which I cannot relieve, with a thankful heart that my own lot has been more favourable.

THERE is a paſſage in that truly original poem, called the Spleen, which pleaſes me more than almoſt any thing I have read. The paſſage is this.

*Happy the man, who, innocent,*
*Grieves not at ills, he can't prevent;*
*His ſkiff does with the current glide,*
*Not puffing pull'd againſt the tide:*
*He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,*
*Sees, unconcern'd, life's wager row'd;*
*And when he can't prevent foul play,*
*Enjoys the follies of the fray.*

THE laughing philoſopher has always appeared to me a more eligible character than the weeping one: but before I ſit down either to laugh or cry at the follies of mankind, as I have publicly enliſted myſelf in their ſervice, it becomes me to adminiſter every thing in my power to relieve or cure them. For this purpoſe I ſhall here lay before my readers ſome looſe hints on a ſubject, which will, I hope, excite their attention, and contribute towards the expelling from the heart thoſe malignant and ſullen humours, which deſtroy the harmony of ſocial life.

IF we make obſervations on human nature, either from what we feel in ourſelves, or ſee in others, we ſhall perceive that almoſt all the uneaſineſſes of mankind owe their riſe to inactivity or idleneſs of body or mind. A free and briſk circulation of the blood is abſolutely neceſſary towards the creating eaſineſs and good-humour; and is the only means of ſecuring us from a reſtleſs train of idle thoughts, which cannot fail to make us burthenſome to ourſelves, and diſſatisfied with all about us.

PROVIDENCE

PROVIDENCE has therefore wiſely provided for the generality of mankind, by compelling them to uſe that labour, which not only procures them the neceſſaries of life, but peace and health, to enjoy them with delight. Nay farther, we find how eſſentially neceſſary it is that the greateſt part of mankind ſhould be obliged to earn their bread by labour, from the ill uſe that is almoſt univerſally made of thoſe riches which exempt men from it. Even the advantages of the beſt education are generally found to be inſufficient to keep us within the limits of reaſon and moderation. How hard do the very beſt of men find it, to force upon themſelves that abſtinence or labour, which the narrowneſs of their circumſtances does not immediately compel them to? Is there really one in ten, who by all the advantages of wealth and leiſure, is made more happy in reſpect to himſelf, or more uſeful to mankind? What numbers do we daily ſee of ſuch perſons, either rioting in luxury, or ſleeping in ſloth, for one who makes a proper uſe of the advantages which riches give for the improvement of himſelf, or the happineſs of others? And how many do we meet with, who, for their abuſe of the bleſſings of life, are given up to perpetual uneaſineſs of mind, and to the greateſt agonies of bodily pain?

WHOEVER ſeriouſly conſiders this point, will diſcover that riches are by no means ſuch certain bleſſings as the poor imagine them to be: on the contrary, he will perceive that the common labours and employments of life are much better ſuited to the majority of mankind, than proſperity and abundance would be without them.

IT was a merciful ſentence which the CREATOR paſſed on man for his diſobedience, *By the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat thy bread*; for to the puniſhment itſelf he ſtands indebted for health, ſtrength, and all the enjoyments

ments of life. Though the firſt paradiſe was forfeited for his tranſgreſſion, yet by the penalty inflicted for that tranſgreſſion, the earth is made into a paradiſe again, in the beautiful fields and gardens which we ſee daily produced by the labour of man. And though the ground was pronounced curſed for his diſobedience, yet is that curſe ſo ordered, as to be the puniſhment, chiefly and almoſt ſolely of thoſe, who by intemperance or ſloth, inflict it upon themſelves.

Even from the wants and weakneſſes of mankind, are the bands of mutual ſupport and affection derived. The neceſſities of each, which no man of himſelf can ſufficiently ſupply, compel him to contribute towards the benefit of others; and while he labours only for his own advantage, he is promoting the univerſal good of all around him.

Health is the bleſſing that every one wiſhes to enjoy; but the multitude are ſo unreaſonable, as to deſire to purchaſe it at a cheaper rate than it is to be obtained. The continuance of it is only to be ſecured by exerciſe or labour. But the misfortune is, that the poor are too apt to overlook their own enjoyments, and to view with envy the eaſe and affluence of their ſuperiors, not conſidering that the uſual attendants upon great fortunes are anxiety and diſeaſe.

If it be true, that thoſe perſons are the happieſt, who have the feweſt wants, the rich man is more the object of compaſſion than envy. However moderate his inclinations may be, the cuſtom of the world lays him under a kind of neceſſity of living up to his fortune. He muſt be ſurrounded by a uſeleſs train of ſervants; his appetite muſt be palled with plenty, and his peace invaded by crowds. He muſt give up the pleaſures and endearments of domeſtic life, to be the ſlave of party and faction.

tion. Or if the goodneſs of his heart ſhould incline him to acts of humanity and benevolence, he will have the frequent mortification of ſeeing his charities ill beſtowed, and by his inability to relieve all, the conſtant one of making more enemies by his refuſals, than friends by his benefactions. If we add to theſe conſiderations a truth, which I believe few perſons will diſpute, namely, that the greateſt fortunes, by adding to the wants of their poſſeſſors, uſually render them the moſt neceſſitous of men, we ſhall find greatneſs and happineſs to be at a wide diſtance from one another. If we carry our enquiries ſtill higher, if we examine into the ſtate of a king, and even enthrone him, like our own, in the hearts of his people; if the life of a father be a life of care and anxiety, to be the father of a people is a præeminence to be honoured, but not envied.

THE happineſs of life is, I believe, generally to be found in thoſe ſtations, which neither totally ſubject men to labour, nor abſolutely exempt them from it. Power is the parent of diſquietude, ambition of diſappointment, and riches of diſeaſe.

I WILL conclude theſe reflections with the following fable.

" LABOUR, the offspring of WANT, and the mother " of HEALTH and CONTENTMENT, lived with her two " daughters in a little cottage by the ſide of a hill, at a " great diſtance from town. They were totally unac- " quainted with the great, and had kept no better com- " pany than the neighbouring villagers: but having a " deſire of ſeeing the world, they forſook their com- " panions and habitation, and determined to travel. " LABOUR went ſoberly along the road, with HEALTH " on her right hand, who by the ſprightlineſs of her " converſation, and ſongs of cheerfulneſs and joy, ſof-

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